

When rather from our acts we them derive,
 Than our fore-goers. The mere word's a slave,
 Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
 A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones, indeed. What should be said
 If thou canst like this creature as a maid;
 I can create the rest: virtue and she,
 Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

BERTRAM.—I cannot love her, nor will I strive to do it."

In the above lines we recognize two descriptions of wisdom; the king speaks according to the wisdom of common sense, and the inspiration of God; and Bertram speaks according to the sense of this world, which is foolishness with God and his saints. A place of worship is stigmatized and avoided by the followers of Bertram, by reason of its origin and ancestral uses; but the wise regard it for its value and convenience—for a good and noble use, in the absence of a better place.

The followers of Bertram reject and despise the teachings of the ministry of the Saints by reason of the humble origin of him who first propagated the fulness of the gospel in the last days, and of those ordained by his counsel to propagate knowledge and salvation to all the nations of the earth. They say, "this new religion we 'cannot love, nor will we strive to do it.' Though it is true and excellent, yet it has not the honours and titles of this world."

Who, we ask, are the Saints? They are the excellent of all the earth—they are trees of righteousness—trees of the Lord's planting; in their breasts are planted the most exalting principles of truth, wisdom, virtue, and benevolence. But they are not generally a titled people, clothed with the trappings of royalty, and basking in the gilded sun-beams of wealth, or dwelling in marble castles, or clothed in courtly livery. Therefore the world cannot, and *will* not love them. "Oh, ye fools, and slow of heart to believe." The great comedian whose plays often amuse you, will you receive the amusement that springs from the productions of his pen, and slight his wisdom that comes with it? The Saints are true to nature, and therefore true to nature's God; for being in his image naturally, they are also in his likeness morally, by the spirit of adoption. God has called them, and chosen them from before the foundation of the world, because they are worthy and beloved. "He first loved us." They are the salt of the earth, and the greater part of the intelligence that is in the world is in them, and in them also is the greater portion of real virtue and solid worth.

We hope soon to receive the minutes, and make extracts. The remarks of Elder Jacobs upon the importance of self-government and of temperance to him that striveth for the mastery, were excellent, as well as the remarks by Elder Huntington, on the proper method of training and teaching children, &c. The present lively interest and good order of the Saints in this town, that first welcomed the gospel of Christ to the British island, indicates not only an increase of conversions, but the necessity of a larger house of worship when it becomes practicable. A goodly increase by baptism has already taken place, and peace, love, and union, seem to abound. As God blessed that town first, may he also bless it unto the last, even till all are gathered to the land of promise.—ED.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Merthyr, Jan. 9, 1847.

Dear brother Hyde,—The gale having somewhat subsided, I find time to give you some items of brother Taylor's visit to the *Ancient Nation of the everlasting hills*. The report of his arrival spread far and near, over snowy mountains, until, on the second day, Saints and sinners had crowded the largest hall in these regions to overflowing. Such a turnout I never saw here before! 'Twas a conference as follows:—number of branches, 38—Elders, 34—Priests, 61—Teachers, 35—Deacons, 22; baptized since the last conference (which was held in July) 341—total 979.

Brother Taylor taught them many glorious principles, unfolded the beauties of future ages, the hope of the Saints, as though he was well acquainted with the eternal councils, since the "Sons of God shouted for joy;" and although the majority did not un-

derstand the English language, or brother Taylor the Welsh, yet it vibrated their nerves like electricity, by the spirit, I suppose, until they were highly edified. At length brother Taylor (for some reason, I know not, unless because he loved us) set to work trying to stumble some of us professedly so. He told all the worst tricks of ancient and modern saints—the last first, which proved far the least. He tried them every way, but utterly failed to stumble any of them, though some whined because he compared their “little captain to one of the little boys of Zion,” as he said; but I thought that as much gospel as any thing he said.

Our conference lasted two days, and really it was a “little heaven below,” more love and union I never witnessed, not even a groan or an apostate “*hum.*”

Brother Taylor, among other things, made songs of Zion, very suitable to the Saints of Wales, and sung them beautifully. Some thirty in the different branches through Wales were called and ordained unto the different offices of the priesthood.

After an affectionate farewell address which caused tears to flow, brother Taylor left on Monday night with the train for London, *via* Bristol, and such shaking of hands and blessing, reminded me of old times in the “*Grove*” at Nauvoo, and proved the power of the love of Christ—cementing the hearts of strangers as one by his spirit, though oceans and tongues intervene.

The general query was, after he left, “when shall we all be gathered to Zion?” and as I have not had such an answer myself, the nearest to it I tell is, “when we have reaped all the fields in Wales, and bring the wheat home with us.”—You will perceive, dear brother, that we have not been very idle, although it was but our seed time this season, but we anticipate a rich harvest next season. Some few seeds shoot up very soon, you know, others grow deep—so here only nine baptized after the conference closed in this branch, but a general spirit of enquiry, fanned up by the persecuting preachers and editors (poor things!) as by their preaching, or both together, make quite lively times with us,—and God grant it may be more so is my prayer. Amen.

From your brother and obedient servant in Christ,

D. JONES.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Preston, March, 1847.

Mr. Editor,—As your paper is the only medium by which “I can rise up and call my father blessed” to my satisfaction and his worthiness, you will confer a favour upon me, and comfort those that feel the loss of a father and friend in the wilds of America, by giving a place for this to stand as an everlasting memorial of the departed Noble. I esteem it a higher nobility to be associated with Apostles and Prophets of Almighty God, than the highest nobles and dignitaries of worldly kingdoms. He was baptized in the year 1834, and has ever been firm, unwavering, and active in this glorious work. He was a good father, a kind husband, a faithful servant in his calling, and a true and undeviating friend to the martyred Prophets and the Twelve Apostles. I am a witness of his private as well as public life; and in the hardest trials and deepest troubles of Kirtland, Missouri, and Nauvoo, I never heard him murmur or complain, but he actually rejoiced in the midst of the worst, with a seeming air of disregard to pain or suffering, knowing that all was his gain. Often has he called his family around him in the hour of peril or hunger, and talked to us like a Patriarch of old, and told us such things must be in order to purify and make us perfect; and if we bear all nobly, without murmuring or complaining, it was our gain, but if we grumbled and complained, it was our just due. When apostacy was raging and many were turning aside from the truth, his governing maxims and instructions to us were, that whatever the head did was right, without making the wisdom of God’s authorities bend to the reasoning of any man; for, said he, God has called and empowered them, and no man has a right to judge them or their works, except God call him to a higher office or power. In fine, his course of life and conversation said virtually, “swallow whatever the doctor gives you, for if he does not know what will cure you, nobody does.” By following out this course through life he has shunned the rock on which many have split, that is, thinking they could see better than the eyes which God had placed in the church.

Thus he has died without leaving a spot or stain upon his memory, and I can think upon him with delight and call him blessed. Truly he has fought the good fight, has kept the faith, and obtained the crown which endureth forever.

When last I saw him he was in health and vigour, but through suffering, privation, and a heavy charge of business, he now sleeps the last sleep beneath the Prairie sod at Mount Pisgah.

One thing comforts me. I expect yet to enjoy an inheritance and life of immortality upon this earth with him at my head, the Twelve at his head, Joseph at their head, Jesus at his head, his Father and our God at the head of all.

Yours very truly,

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

NOTE.—Father Huntington was a wise counsellor and excellent man, and presided over the Mount Pisgah Station, and had made a sacrifice of all his goods to aid the poor Saints to remove from Nauvoo to the wilderness, as many other Saints did also do.—ED.

A ROMANCE IN STAGE LIFE.

(From the Glasgow Saturday Post.)

During the drama of the "Battle of Sedgemoor," at the Adelphi Theatre here, on Tuesday evening last, an occurrence took place which, for stirring interest and romantic story, far outdoes all such dramatic fictions as "The Wife of Two Husbands," "The Fatal Marriage," or those numerous misadventures and mishaps in connexion with love, marriage, and triumphant virtue, which are put upon the stage to "fill the pause and give the fancy play." The facts of the case, which have been communicated to us by an eye-witness, and which can be authenticated on the best authority, are as follows:—While on the above evening the business of the play was going forward, and while one of the favourite actresses of the Adelphi was performing her part—indeed we need not hesitate giving the name (Mrs. De Bourgh) as the whole matter is now kept no secret by the parties interested—a tall handsome man, with a military air, in the pit, was observed to look very uneasy for a few minutes, to gaze earnestly at the stage as if the lady had engaged his fixed attention, rising several times from his seat during the time, until he at length apparently satisfied himself with his scrutiny, when, to the astonishment of all around, he exclaimed at the pitch of a stern military voice, "My wife, by Heaven! my Eliza!" Not knowing the cause of this sudden outburst, the spectators for a time appeared at a loss whether to treat the affair in joke or earnest. Seeing, however, that the gentleman was perfectly sober, and quite serious in his manner of address, their merriment gave way to wonder and curiosity, which was in no degree lessened when it was noted that the fair actress who had been thus pointedly addressed, had swooned, and required to leave the stage. The play, however, went on notwithstanding of this, but the occurrence excited the most marked attention. On hearing of the matter, Mr. Miller, the manager, at once proceeded to the place where the gentleman sat, in order to ascertain the cause of the unlooked-for interruption that had been given to the evening's entertainment, and enquired his meaning for the expression he had made use of. "I tell you," said the gentleman, "that lady is my wife, whom I have not seen these nineteen years. I have been abroad, and during that time have not heard from her; I thought her dead, and can you wonder I was astonished?" "But," said the stranger, "who are you that enquires?" Mr. Miller replied that he was lessee of the theatre—that he had a respect for this lady, who had now been in his *corps dramatique* for three years, during which her reputed husband, Mr. De Bourgh, had died, and as he felt an interest in the reputation of this lady, as well as for the good name of all the members of the company, he hoped the gentleman would not wantonly make a statement to injure her character. "Married," exclaimed the stranger, "to another! My Eliza married!! But I must see her immediatly, she is still my wife." Mr. Miller asked the name of the gentlemen, who said, "My name is Lewis—Lieutenant Lewis, Sir. I've come direct from Liverpool, after having been on foreign service with my boy, her boy, Sir. He is twenty-two years of age, six feet two inches high. You shall see him, Sir." Somewhat doubtful and yet surprised at this recital, Mr. Miller enquired the maiden name of the lady. "Stanley," said the lieutenant, "Elizabeth Stanley." After these interrogatories Mr. M. proceeded behind the scenes to satisfy himself as to the truth of the representations, when he found it at once verified by the actress, who had by this time recovered from her faint. And now for the sequel. The parties had a meeting, and such a meeting! our fair readers may form some idea. After loving embraces and hurried explanations, during which the lieutenant seemed to have lived over again his first three years of marriage, the following statement was elucidated, which was highly satisfactory to Mr. Miller and the other parties who had the fortune to be present at the scene:—They had married when young in England—he, at the time, a private soldier, she a rising member of a theatrical company in the town of ——. The fruit of their union was a fine boy. The regiment was ordered abroad,